

# The Prison Notebook of Captain James M. McNeill, C.S.A.

By Louise McNeill Fense

James Monroe McNeill, farmer, carpenter, Confederate infantry captain, and war poet, was born at Buckeye, Pocahontas County, Virginia (now West Virginia) on May 9, 1823. He was the son of William (William-the-Teacher) and Nancy Griffey McNeill. His mother was the daughter of Johnathan Griffey, a Swiss mercenary who had come to America with Lafayette.

James McNeill, "Grandpa Jim", grew up on the family farm at Buckeye, Pocahontas County. He remembered seeing the wild pigeons — how all day long, flying over, their wings darkened the sun. Almost his first memory was of the big and the three smaller Indians who came to his mother's cabin when he was five or six years old. He remembered, too, going to "pay school" and cutting his bare feet on the crick ice. The "pay school" was a mile or so up the "crick," and one winter morning when he was going to school — dressed only in a flaxen shimmy shirt — he cut his feet on the ice, cutting them till they bled, and when he got to the schoolhouse, the teacher wrapped them in rags and had him sit by the fire.

When he grew to manhood, Jim McNeill followed the trade of a carpenter and cabinetmaker. In his twenties, he was married to a neighbor girl, Sarah Young, and built her a log house near the "spring up the hollow." But Sarah died in childbirth, and their infant child died with her. After this tragedy, Jim McNeill left Pocahontas County though he did not sell the farm. He went over to Nicholas County where he worked as a carpenter for many years and where, in the spring of 1861, he joined the Nicholas Blues, was given the rank of Captain, and went to fight with the Twenty-Second Virginia Infantry, C.S.A.

Colonel George S. Patton, "grandfather of General George S. Patton of World War II fame," was commander of the Twenty-Second Virginia. Colonel Patton was killed at Winchester, but Captain Jim fought under him at the Battle of White Sulphur Springs, where he first met — when she was serving coffee to the Rebel soldiers — my grandmother, Frances Perkins, a young war widow.

Captain Jim's last fight was to be at the Battle of Droop Mountain on November 6, 1863 — the fall that General W. W. Averell and his some 5,500 Federals came through the Allegheny pass. On the evening before the battle, the Rebels on the mountain top could see the Yankee campfires burning in the Little Levels of Hillsboro. There were too many campfires, and the Rebels waited for a bad day.

It was the night before the battle that my grandfather, who as a boy had hunted squirrels all over Droop Mountain, went to his com-

manding officer with the information that there was, near their encampment, an old road around the west side of Droop. Captain Jim told the commanding officer that, by way of this wood road, the Yankees could flank the Confederate Army. The commanding officer listened and then told my grandfather that if the Virginia command wanted any advice from a Captain they would let him know.

The next day, the Yankees flanked the Confederates by way of the old wood road, and the overwhelmed Rebels "retreated in confusion toward Lewisburg." In the melee, Jim McNeill was captured and started on his long journey to Fort Delaware. Driven north along the Droop road with the prisoners, he met his Yankee brother, Al, hurrying south with the Federal troops. "Howdy, Jim," said Al with a kind of narrow, Scotch-Irish triumph. But the Captain didn't even nod. "The Rebels ain't speakin' today." He looked straight ahead of him and went on to Fort Delaware prison where he was held prisoner till June 13, 1865.

There at the Fort, some of the hungry prisoners cooked and ate rats, but Captain Jim would never cook or eat one. It was one of his last prides that he had never eaten a rat and never intended to eat one. But, somehow, there he got hold of a pen and a little brown notebook and—with only a few months of "psy school" for his literary stylistics—began to write poems.

The notebook is a small, ledger-like book, some six by four inches in size, and is faded and torn. It has lain undisturbed in the top drawer of a black walnut highboy these 100 years and is filled with jottings and poems.

Some of the poems are good poems, and many of them are written from a war prisoner's point-of-view. The long, lyric "Virginia Land" has a note scrawled along the margin: "Tune—Maryland, My Maryland."

It is known, from other written records, that Captain McNeill wrote war songs before his capture and that these songs were sung by the Twenty-Second Virginia around their campfires.

Five of the poems from the ledger book are printed below. A photostatic copy of the brief "Mid Fearful Woes Arose A Star" is reproduced on page 183. After his release from prison, Captain McNeill was brought by freight car to Staunton, Virginia. From there he walked "home" to Nicholas County. Later, he "removed" from Nicholas back to the old family farm at Buckeye. In 1873, he married the war widow (Fanny Perkins), who had served him coffee at the Battle of White Sulphur Springs. Their only son, my father, was born in 1877, and was named George Douglas—named for Colonel George Patton and for Stephen A. Douglas, the union Democrat for whom Captain Jim had voted in the vital election of 1860.

Captain Jim lived till March 26, 1911. I was born three months before he died. He was born in the Administration of James Monroe and lived to the Administration of William Howard Taft. They car-

ried me to his bedside for him to see, and I have lived to see Arm-  
strong walk on the moon. It seems only a short time and too short  
for my great-great grandfather, Johnathan Griffey, to have come over  
with Lafayette. But here in Appalachia, times are short between the  
Indian war party and the blast-off at the Cape. When I found the  
Indian war party and the blast-off at the Cape. When I found the  
notebook, it was in the drawer we always called "Grandpa Jim's  
drawer," and down in the drawer was a bunch of old tax tickets and  
bullets and a bullet mould and rusty nails and dust and ancient  
pumpkin seeds. I dusted the book off and have it here to copy.  
It tells of the hope and despair of a prisoner at Fort Delaware prison  
from November 1863 to June 1865. Then, at the last, one Rebel  
poem tells of what it was like to be home again in "Nicholas, Vir-  
ginia, August 30, 1865." The state of West Virginia was formed  
on June 20, 1863, but Captain Jim was never a man to eat rats.

**"Virginia Prisoners at Fort Delaware—Tune Maryland, My Maryland"**

Wandering thoughts turn home again  
To view our native war worn plane  
She marshaled at the bugles sound  
One hundred thousand on the ground  
To their homes are honor bound  
Virginia's land, etc.

Inscribed her banners victory  
Her watchword death or liberty  
Her hills have shook from shore to shore  
Her plains are drenched with human gore  
Her veterans fall to rise no more  
Virginia's land.

She points to fiend atrocity  
And justice sues for liberty  
Peace has fled and sorrows reign  
Widows weep for husbands slain  
Orphans cry for food in vain  
Virginia's land.

**THERE COMES A WALE . . .**

There comes a wale from Carnage dread  
A sorrow eee our gallant dead  
They met the foe with daring pride  
And braved the battle's angry tide  
On the altar nobly died  
Virginia's land.

They captives doomed to monarch's rein  
How long have we to wear the chain  
We're periled fortunes fearful tide  
Have bowed to despots haughty pride  
Our duties claims not satisfied  
Virginia's land.

Though sundered far from southlands fair  
Enthralled in godless Delaware  
Yet we love thy sacred plain  
And proudly boast immortal fame  
And glory in Virginia's name  
Virginia's land.

## I'VE WANDERED . . .

I've wandered many weary miles  
 Since first I saw thy sunny smiles  
 And many more I yet must roam  
 Far from the lonely scene of home  
 In many tented fields must sleep  
 And many a midnight vigil keep  
 The day of battle looms before  
 The headlong charge, the cannon roar  
 Stern freedom's columns stand unmoved  
 While bleeding round falls friends I've loved  
 The deadly hail falls in our lines  
 The soldiers death will soon be mine  
 I ask thee not to weep for me  
 Though happiest thoughts are all of thee  
 Nor that your lovely eyes should shed  
 One tear of sorrow o'er the dead  
 But should you in a coming day  
 Once think of him whose mouldering clay  
 Hath for its shroud the battle sod  
 Stained with many a hero's blood  
 Then think of him who was to you  
 In every thought and action true  
 As one who loved thee unto death  
 And blessed you with his latest breath  
 Now lovely girl adieu farewell  
 My fate or fortune none can tell  
 If I e'er return to thee  
 O Lovely girl remember me.

## "Mid Fearful Woes Arose A Star"

Mid fearful woes arose a star  
 Turnkey to our prison bar  
 Its feeble rays grew bright and fair  
 Unlocked the bars of deep despair  
 And purged the mass of Apsalware  
 75 Apsalware Apsl.  
 March 16<sup>th</sup> 1861

## WILLIE

My Willies on the dark blue sea  
 He's gone far o'er the main  
 Any many a weary day will pass  
 Ere he come back again

Corus, Then blow gentle winds  
 O'er the dark blue sea  
 Bid the storm king stay his hand  
 And bring my Willie back to me  
 To his own dear native land.

There's danger on the waters o'er  
 I hear the bloodbills cry  
 And moaning voices seem to speak  
 From o'er the cloudy sky.

I see the vivid lightening flash  
 And hark the thunders roar  
 Oh father save my Willie from  
 The storm kings mighty power

And as she spake the lightnings ceased  
 Hushed was the thunders roar  
 And Willie clasped her in his arms  
 To roam the seas no more.

Now blow gentle winds o'er the dark blue sea  
 No more we will stay thy hand  
 Since Willies safe at home with me  
 In his own dear native land.

## MY LIFE . . .

My life is like a scattered wreck  
 Cast by the waves upon the shore  
 The broken mast and rifted deck  
 Tell of shipwreck that is o'er  
 Yet from the relics of the storm  
 The mariner his bark will form  
 Again to tempt the faithless sea  
 But hope rebuilds no bark for me.

My life is like the blighted oak  
 That lifts its seared and withered form  
 Scared by the lightening hidden stroke  
 Sternly to meet the coming storm.  
 Yet round that sapless trunk will twine  
 The curling tendrils of the vine  
 And life and freshness there impart  
 Not for the passion blighted heart.

My life is like the desert rock  
 In the mid ocean lone and drear  
 Worn by the wild waves ceaseless shock  
 That round its base their surges rear.  
 Yet there the sea moss still will cling  
 Some flower will find a chift to spring  
 And breathe ere there a sweet perfume  
 For no life's flowers no more will bloom.